

Good Morning 56

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

THEY spoke of pensions, of the African campaign, of church bells and coal mines.

They were distributed in rows of red leather seats, and they looked very bored.

The youngest, perhaps, was 30, the rest as old as Members of Parliament usually are.

At the invitation of another columnist, and an ex-colleague, who is a member of the House, I witnessed an all-day session of the meeting of our rulers.

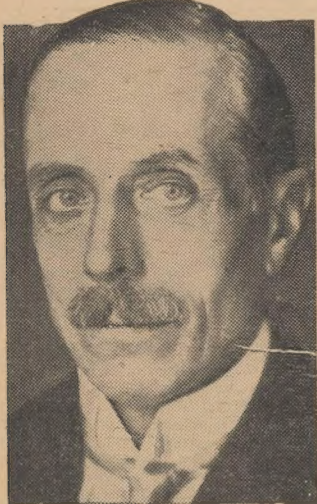
The meeting place, not where it was in pre-war days, must not, for security reasons, be mentioned. It lacked nothing of the peace-time solemnity, and, if anything, it was even more impressive.

At 11 a.m. the Speaker, in the steps of his Mace Bearer, strode elegantly through a hall crowded with members and a detachment of Indian troops. He was followed into the hall of assembly by the members, and the doors were barred.

Prayers were said, and the visitors, distinguished and otherwise, were permitted, after completing two chits and answering personal questions in a massive book, to climb to the galleries.

Bird's-eye view

From there it was possible to see, over the Press Box, several hundred heads. Some bald,



Earl Winterton, M.P.

others just distinguished, and others, like that of Mr. Jimmy Maxton, well covered.

On the right were the Government Benches, among those in the front seats were Mr. Attlee, Mr. Anthony Eden, Sir Kingsley Wood, and the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. A. V. Alexander).

Facing them on the Opposition Bench were I.L.P. Leader Jimmy Maxton, Earl Winterton, Mr. Leslie Hore Belisha, and Tom Driberg, alias journalist William Hickey.

Earl Winterton asked Mr. A. V. Alexander whether it would not be possible for more publicity to be given to the little ships. He pointed out that craft of the Royal Navy received all the lime-light and glory, whilst smaller boats of the Merchant Navy were infrequently mentioned.

Mr. Alexander's reply was not wholly intelligible from my lofty perch.

The hours passed. Many words were spoken. Towards

lunch-time, members, with a slight bow to the Speaker, strolled out, sometimes in the middle of a speech, frequently causing members to remove their feet from the seat in front. (Did you see the film, "Young Mr. Pitt"? How realistic were its Parliamentary scenes!)

There appeared to be little order and far less ceremony than at meetings of most Rural District Councils.

Shirt array

Also, somewhat surprising, and to say the least disillusioning, were the number of soft and striped shirts, and coloured ties.

Earl Winterton, of course, was dressed as Earl Winterton, and Tom Driberg wore a blue suit and fawn pullover. Austere or democratic, it would be difficult to decide.

It might, for some visitors, be difficult to realise that under that carved roof, in the shadow of those gaunt knights of old, and in the subdued rays from 240 100-watt lamps, the destiny of the British Empire was shaped, or rather planned.

At 4 p.m. I had tea in the restaurant. I had three pieces of bread and butter, a slice of very doughy cake, and two cups of tea, for which my host paid tenpence.

At four-ten Jimmy Maxton had the floor. He was fighting a downhill fight for an amendment relating to social inequalities. He spoke for over thirty minutes, during which time he made personal remarks and accusations against Government members that almost made me blush.

At the end of his oration a visitor applauded. He was escorted by a commissionaire, in Home Guard uniform, to the door.

The members filed out to vote, and when they returned the motion was lost. Jimmy Maxton looked sad, Earl Winterton looked pleased, Belisha looked indifferent, the majority looked relieved—that the day was over.

Nodding, joking with friends, and looking anxiously at their watches, the members again filed out, the day completed.

They left behind them a hall



Tom Driberg, M.P.

littered with newspapers, documents and scrapped notes: a hall looking like Wembley Stadium after a sports meeting.

I left this power-house of democracy thinking that, in any case, victory was one day nearer.

A message to Submariners from ADMIRAL SIR MAX HORTON,

K.C.B., D.S.O.

Commander-in-Chief
Western Approaches

(Formerly, Admiral Submarines)



"I HAVE seen with much interest the first series of "Good Morning."

This lively and interesting paper, published exclusively for our Submarine Service, will help, I know, to relieve the monotony inseparable from many days on patrol.

The wide variety of items included in it will cater for all tastes, and I congratulate those who have produced it on the way this excellent and ingenious idea has been put into execution.

I am sure that all submariners will give this paper a hearty welcome, and be most grateful to those who have sponsored it.

I wish good luck to "Good Morning" and every bit of luck in the world to those for whom it caters, and for whom I feel such warm admiration."

(Signed)

Max Horton.

Admiral

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today



1. What is a caribou?
2. Who invented the miner's safety lamp?
3. What was the South Sea Bubble?
4. Who received the pioneer's medal for wireless telegraphy?
5. Who were (a) Captain Kettle, (b) Captain Cuttle?
6. What famous painter was a pioneer of cinematography?
7. On which of the following dates was the foundation stone of the present Houses of Parliament laid: 1284, 1430, 1665, 1840, 1895, 1907?
8. What is sphagnum?
9. For what is John Macadam famous?
10. In which of Dickens' novels do these characters appear: (a) Mr. Micawber, (b) Daniel Quilp, (c) Mrs. Leo Hunter, (d) Mr. Bumble?
11. What is a young eel called?
12. Who said, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen"?

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

I ESTIMATE—but perhaps I am mistaken—that this adventurous course of the *Nautilus* lasted fifteen or twenty days, and I do not know how long it would have lasted but for the catastrophe that ended this voyage. Captain Nemo never appeared, nor his officer. Not a man of the crew was visible for an instant. The *Nautilus* kept below water almost incessantly. When it went up to the surface to renew the air, the panels opened and shut mechanically. The bearings were no longer reported on the chart. I did not know where we were.

I must say also that the Canadian, out of all patience, did not appear either. Conseil could not get a word out of him, and feared that in an access of delirium, and under the influence of dreadful nostalgia, he might kill himself. He watched over him, therefore, with constant devotion.

It will be understood that under such circumstances the situation was no longer bearable.

One morning—I do not know its date—I had fallen into an uneasy slumber at early dawn. When I woke I saw Ned Land bending over me, and heard him whisper—
"We are going to fly!"

I sat up.
"When?" I asked.
"To-night. All supervision seems to have disappeared from the *Nautilus*. Stupor seems to reign on board. Shall you be ready, sir?"

"Yes. Where are we?"
"In sight of land that I have just sighted through the mist, twenty miles to the east."

"What land is it?"
"I do not know, but whatever it is we will seek refuge on it."

"Yes! Ned—yes, we will go to-night, even should the sea swallow us up!"

"The sea is rough, the wind violent, but twenty miles in that light boat of the *Nautilus* do not frighten me. I have put some provisions and a few bottles of water in it without the knowledge of the crew."

"I will follow you."

"Besides," added the Canadian, "if I am caught, I shall defend myself and get killed."

"We will die together, friend Ned."

I had made up my mind to anything. The Canadian left me. I went up on the platform, where I could scarcely stand against the waves. The sky was threatening, but as land lay there in those thick mists, we must fly. We must not lose a day nor an hour.

I went down to the saloon both fearing and wishing to meet Captain Nemo, both wanting and not wanting to see him. What could I say to him? Could I hide from him the involuntary horror he inspired me with? No! It was better not to find myself face to face with him! Better to forget him! And yet—

What a long day was the last I had to pass on board the *Nautilus*! I remained alone. Ned Land and Conseil avoided me, so as not to betray us by talking.

At 6 p.m. I dined, but without appetite. I forced myself to eat notwithstanding my repugnance, wishing to keep up my strength.

At half-past six Ned Land entered my room. He said to me—

"We shall not see each other again before our departure. At ten o'clock the moon will not yet be up. We shall take advantage of the darkness. Come to the boat. Conseil and I will be waiting for you there."

Then the Canadian went out without giving me time to answer.

I wished to verify the direction of the *Nautilus*. I went to the saloon. We were going N.N.E. with frightful speed, at a depth of twenty-five fathoms.

I looked for the last time at all the natural marvels and riches of art collected in this museum, in this unrivalled collection destined one day to perish in the depths of

the sea with the man who had made it. I wished to take a supreme impression of it in my mind. I remained thus for an hour, bathed in the light of the luminous ceiling, and passing in review the shining

1					Y
2					N
3					Y
4					N
5					N
6					Y

When you have solved this puzzle the centre word down will give you the capital of a German occupied country. Here are the clues:—

1. Sly.
2. To mark.
3. Fruit.
4. A kind of builder.
5. It makes you think.
6. Tanned.

WANGLING WORDS—19

1. Put the same three letters, in the same order, both before and behind ERGRO, and make a word.

2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: RETENTIVE, TENTATIVE, PARAGORIC, SALAMANDER?

3. Can you change FOOT into SOCK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: SILK into WOOL, COOL into RAGE, NEED into SLAP.

4. How many words of four letters can you make out of the word ENCHANTMENT?

Answer to Wangling Words—18

1. PHYSIOGRAPHY
2. MUNICIPAL
3. RING, RIND, BIND, BEND, BENT, BELT, BELL, NAIL, SAIL, SOIL, COIL, COOL, POOL, POOR, DOOR, WINE, WANE, WANT, WAIT, WAIL, PAIR, GATE, RATE, RARE, PARE, PART, PORT, POST.
4. Bet, Bat, Bit, Tab, Tin, Din, Die, Lit, Let, etc. Emit, Time, Tame, Tome, Able, Bite, Bait, Bale, etc.

JANE



ODD CORNER

DICK PENDERELL hid Charles II in an oak tree at Boscombe 291 years ago. To show his appreciation, the King granted a pension to the Penderell family in perpetuity, and it is still being paid by the British Government.

One of the recipients is Mr. R. J. Walsh, and though he lives in Sydney, Australia, he still receives £14 6s. 6d. per year. Mr. Irving Penderell, of Brooklyn, U.S.A., receives £80.

In Henry III's time, the Lord of the Liberty of Furness was making about £10 a year from lands owned by Lady Jane Grey's husband, the Duke of Suffolk. When the Duke and his wife were beheaded, the Lord of Furness found himself £10 a year out of pocket. He applied to the Crown, and obtained a grant for that amount, which is still being paid.

After Lord Nelson's death, George III made a grant of £5,000 a year to "such persons on whom the title of Earl Nelson may descend." This pension has cost a quarter of a million pounds—so far.

The Duke of Richmond's family used to obtain its income from the "Richmond shilling." This was a levy of a shilling on every chaldron of coal shipped from Newcastle to London. The right has, however, been exchanged for £833,333 6s. 9d. worth of Government stock.

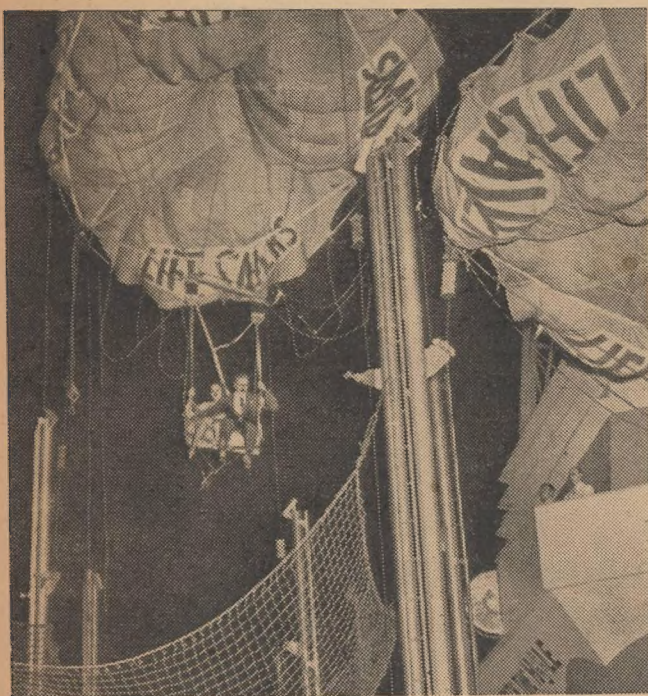
The Duke of Grafton likewise claimed one cask before and one cask behind the mast of every ship importing wine, a right granted to the first of his line by Charles II. But it was eventually bought back for £229,000 worth of Government stock.

A "30" PUZZLE

				3
	5	6		
	9	10		
				15

Six of the numbers ranging from 1 to 15, inclusive, have been placed in this nest of sixteen small squares. In the other ten squares see if you can write down, in less than 30 minutes, the remaining nine numbers in the 1 to 15 group, and the cipher, so that each of the four horizontal rows, each of the four vertical columns and each of the two diagonals add up to exactly 30.

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS



NEAR SAFETY AT LAST.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rathborne, of Westbury, N.Y., as they were being lowered to a police net at the New York World's Fair, after a five-hour perch in a parachute which didn't come down when it was supposed to, on a ride device. It was near tragedy for the couple, after ladders failed to reach them. Firemen and police spread nets, a workman managed to cut a jammed cable, and the parachute finally was lowered.

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY

Twenty men went out on a deep-sea fishing trip and agreed that they would equally divide the total fish they caught.

It was not a good day for fishing. By 3 p.m., when it was time to haul up the anchor and sail for home, the total catch was only twenty, just one fish for each man.

However, worse luck was to follow. When they began to divide them they discovered that some of their fish had escaped through a hole in the fish box, and so some of the fishermen would have to go home empty handed.


The captain of the fishing boat was sorry about the broken fish box. He repaired

it immediately, and then suggested that they had better postpone going home until they could catch some more. So they anchored again, and soon caught one and one-half times as many fish as there still were in the fish box and two and one-half fish more. And now they had exactly twenty fish once more—one fish for each man in the party. So they pulled up the anchor and headed for port, and when they went home each of the twenty fishermen carried one fish as proof that he actually had been fishing.

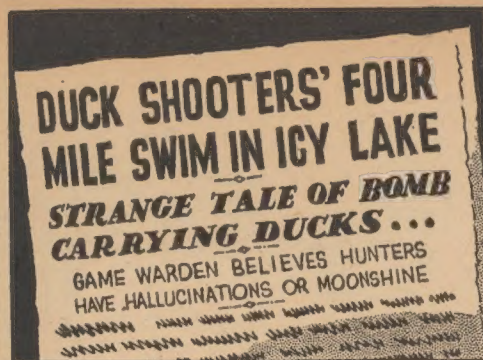
Now, with all that thoroughly understood, the question is this: How many fish had escaped through the hole in the box?

Beelzebub Jones


AND HERE IS ANOTHER GOOD ONE ZEKE! LISTEN TO THIS!




DUCK SHOOTERS' FOUR MILE SWIM IN ICY LAKE
STRANGE TALE OF BOMB CARRYING DUCKS...
GAME WARDEN BELIEVES HUNTERS HAVE HALLUCINATIONS OR MOONSHINE



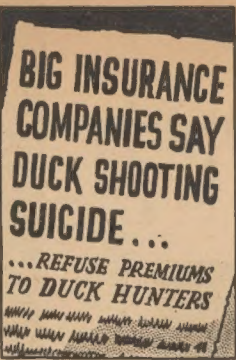
THEM DUCKS SURE ARE LEARNING ATTACK IS THE BEST DEFENCE, FAST!



AND PEOPLE ARE CLASSING DUCK SHOOTING AS THE MOST DANGEROUS PASTIME—LISTEN TO THIS!




BIG INSURANCE COMPANIES SAY DUCK SHOOTING SUICIDE...
...REFUSE PREMIUMS TO DUCK HUNTERS




Belinda

GEE!—I HOPE I HAVEN'T GOT BERT INTO TROUBLE BY TELLING PA THE GONGOOZLER WAS TREATING HIM TO A DRINK!

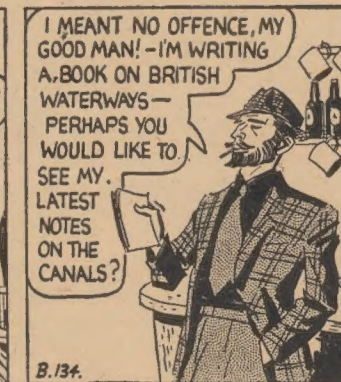


WHAT YER MEAN BY SWILLIN' WALLOP AT YOUR AGE, YOU YOUNG LIMB?—AN' YOU OUGHTER KNOW BETTER, SIR!—BEATS ME WHY YOU WANT TO GO SNOOPIN' INTO HONEST FOLKS' BUSINESS!


OUCH! LEGGO, PA!



I MEANT NO OFFENCE, MY GOOD MAN!—I'M WRITING A BOOK ON BRITISH WATERWAYS—PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE MY LATEST NOTES ON THE CANALS?




I COULDN'T READ 'EM IF I WANTED TO, SIR!—I WASN'T EDDICATED AT THE BARGE SCHOOL LIKE BERT—MY FATHER LEARNED ME COMMON-SENSE WITH A ROPE'S END!



Popeye


OKAY, RUNT, I'LL GIVE YOU A ROOM, WE'LL TALK ABOUT YOUR MOMMA LATER!

THAT'S SWEET, I ORTA WARSH UP AFTER ME VOYAGE



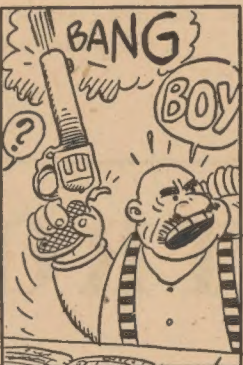
I WANT A NICE ROOM

YOU WON'T GET IT



BANG


BOY



PUT HIM IN ROOM 13!!

AHOY THERE, ARE YA THE BELL BOY?

DO I LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS?



Ruggles

WELL THAT LOOKS PRETTY GOOD TO ME!

THE INDIGNITY OF IT—WHAT WOULD MY FRIENDS SAY IF THEY CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF ME?



IF SOME OF MY FRIENDS CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF YOU THEY'D SIGN THE PLEDGE OR SEE A DOCTOR!



WELL, COME ON BOYS—WE'RE ALL IN THIS—COME OVER TO THE DRESSING ROOM AND PUT ON YOUR COSTUMES



HOW'S THIS, OLD BOY?

BLIMEY!—A ZONE COMMANDER IN THE BENGAL HOME GUARD



NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

ties. I listened with all my senses, hardly breathing, plunged, like Captain Nemo, in one of those musical ecstasies which took him beyond the limits of this world.

Then a sudden thought terrified me. Captain Nemo had left his room. He was in the saloon that

I was obliged to cross in my flight. There I should meet him for the last time. He would see me, perhaps speak to me. A gesture from him could annihilate me, a single word could chain me to his vessel.

Ten o'clock was on the point of striking. The moment had come to leave my room and rejoin my companions.

(Continued to-morrow)

WHERE WAS SHE?

With the family car in the garage for the duration, Mrs. Smith of Suburbia hopped on her bicycle at exactly 10 a.m. and rode toward the town shopping centre to do her marketing. The shopping centre was just one and one-half miles away. Mrs. Smith covered the distance at 10 m.p.h.

One minute after Mrs. Smith had started, her husband discovered she had forgotten to take her pocket-book, so he picked it up and followed her, walking 4 m.p.h.

Mrs. Smith arrived in Main Street, blissfully unaware that she was minus her pocket-book. She parked her bicycle, was trying on a new hat, all within the space of thirteen minutes, when it suddenly dawned on her that she had no money. So she hurried back to the parking place, pedalled homeward.

How far did she get before meeting her husband?

CENTURIES UNLIMITED

CENTURIES—Unlimited. That may well be the catch-phrase of Bradford League cricket this summer. Never before has the League had so many famous players associated with it as have offered their services to clubs this season.

Keighley have as professionals Paynter (Lancashire), Martindale (West Indies), and Nichols (Essex).

Len Hutton, the Yorkshire and England opening batsman, is assisting Pudsey St. Lawrence, the club of his birth-place.

Undercliffe, whose professionals include Wood, Yorkshire and England wicket-keeper, may occasionally have the help of Maurice Leyland, Yorkshire and England left-hander, who has now received his commission in the Army.

Voice (Nottinghamshire), one of the season's newcomers to the League, has thrown in his lot with Saltaire.

Harris, another Nottinghamshire player, has signed for Yeaddon, who also number Jim Smith, the Middlesex giant, among their professionals.

In Bingley's impressive list of names appear Keeton, Shipston and Robinson (Nottinghamshire), the brothers Major J. L. and Major R. T. Bryan (Kent), C. B. Clarke (West Indies), Nevell (Surrey), Carmady (New South Wales), Gladwin (Derbyshire), Lawrence (an 'all-rounder' who qualified for Somerset in 1939), and Fiddling (Yorkshire Colts). Andrews (Somerset) is a "possible."

JOHN NELSON

LET'S HAVE
A LINE
on what you think
of 'Good Morning'
with your ideas.
Address top of
Page 4.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10				11	12		
13				14				
15				16				
17			18			19		20
		21			22			
23	24			25			26	
27				28			29	
30			31			32		
33		34			35			
	36							

CLUES ACROSS.
1 Earnestly desires.
7 Garment tag.
10 Tool sharpener.
11 Musical show.
13 Bay.
14 Moved listlessly.
15 Deed.
16 Unrestrained.
17 Traveller on ice.
19 Dog-cart.
21 Garments.
23 Graceful flower.
25 Incline.
26 Suffice.
27 Before.
28 Moisture.
29 Cut with scythe.
30 Therefore.
31 Healing.
33 Slink.
35 Irritates.
36 Torn in strips.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

MOST CRISPS
ANTIQUE KILT
CLAN BOVINE
AYR SIPPIT
WRATTED O
STYLE NOUNS
R LATENT W
BIG MUD TWO
ACUMEN YEER
TOR RETIRED
STRESS TASKS

CLUES DOWN.
2 Hut.
3 Movable.
4 Dark fluid.
5 Concerning.
6 Anon.
7 Vocalists.
8 Scene of contest.
9 Noxious.
12 Scored at billiards.
13 Unfounded.
14 Seaman.
16 Mate.
18 Trifle.
20 Gallantry.
22 Poltroon.
24 Golf clubs.
26 Type of gentleness.
28 Noble.
29 Not severe.
31 Vehicle.
32 Draw.
34 Cry of inquiry.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

The Rosary

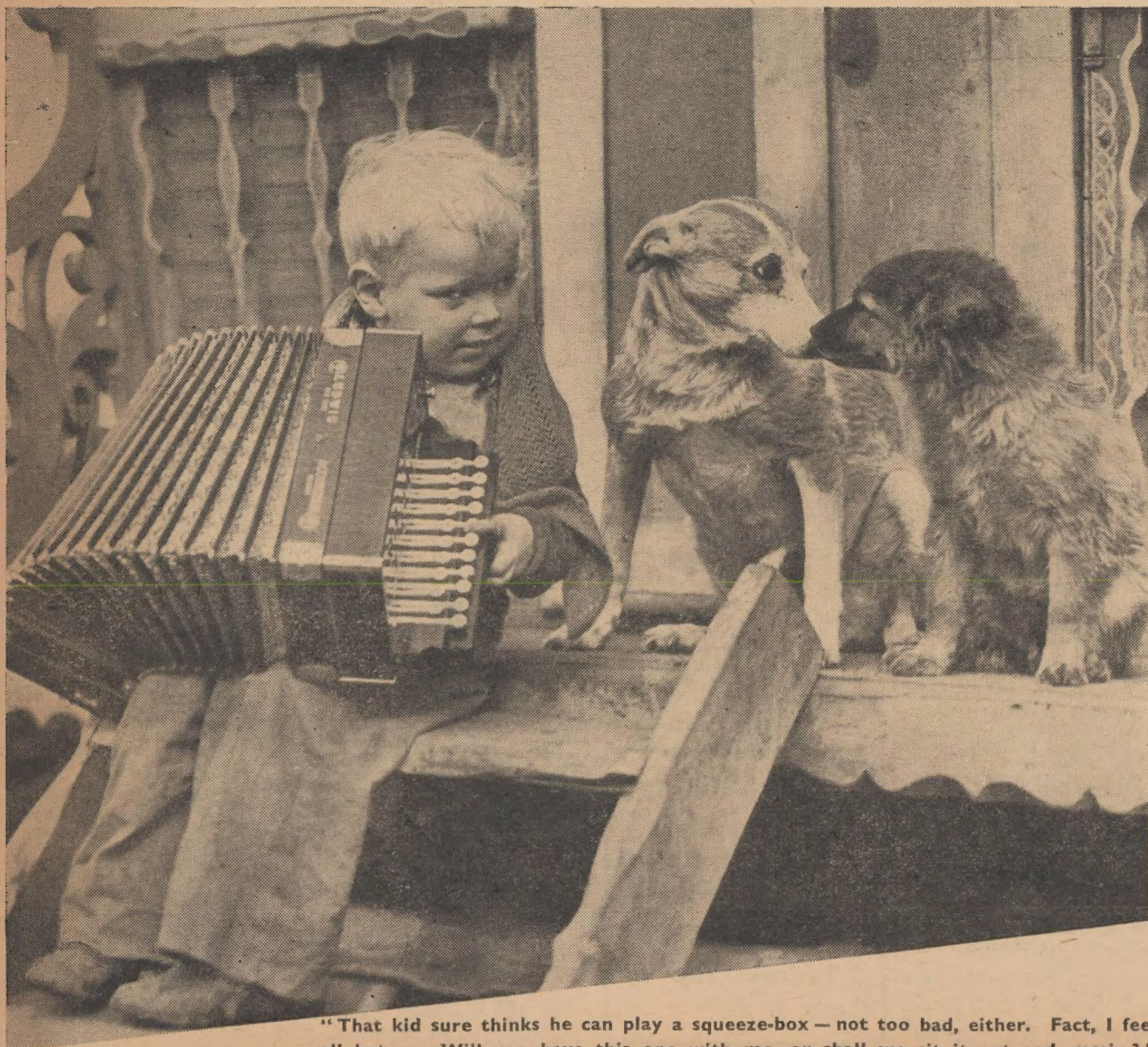


"Just the kind of girl we say we could EAT—and mean it. Gosh! Is she mystified?"

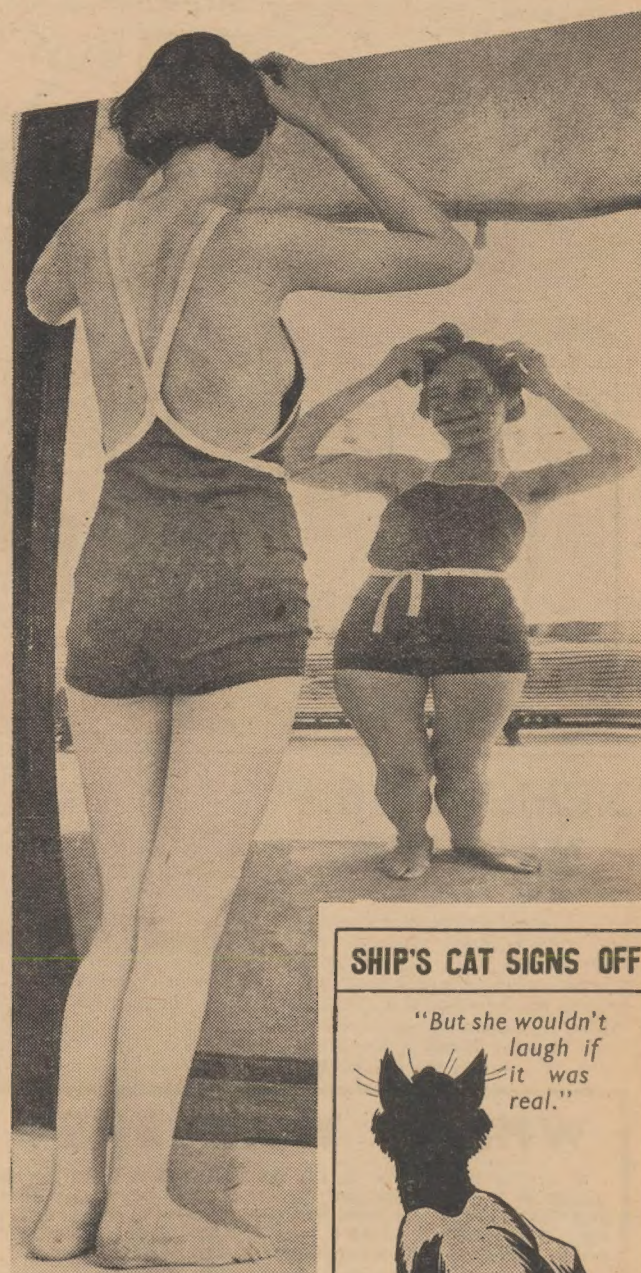


Eynsford, Kent. And, sure enough, there is the ford right alongside that delightful bridge. And village green, with inn, where many victories have been toasted. Do you remember when young what's-his-name religiously finished the game with "lost-ball" in the stream?

MAESTRO



"That kid sure thinks he can play a squeeze-box — not too bad, either. Fact, I feel all het-up. Will you have this one with me, or shall we sit it out and gossip?"



IS THAT ME?

Heck! I forgot to put LUX in that sea-water.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"But she wouldn't laugh if it was real."

